

Endrina

Rancid

Well, low are the people who are always fooled by the best condition on earth

They travel a bus and follow the sun and get treated worse than slaves

En route to the fields

[?]

When the winds of misfortune blow and now we try

Trash them farms and rape them camps in search of fertile lands

She knows how to build bomb shelters even swamps prime land

Endrina sheds a tear guilty conscience in the air

When the winds of misfortune blow and now?

We try Endrina